

# PRESENT STATE OF ENGLAND:

## A Pleasant New True Ballad.

To the Tune of, *The Taylor and his Lass: Or, It was in the Prime,  
(Of Cucumber Time.*

**J**ack *Presbyter's* up, And hopes at one Swoop,  
To swallow *King, Bishop,* and All-a:  
The *Miter* and *Crown*, Must both tumble down,  
Or the Kingdom he tells you will Fall-a.

Sure 'tis a hard Fate, That to prop up the State,  
We must pull down the State-Religion:  
But the *Saints* have a new one, More holy and true one,  
Composed of *Fox* and *Wigeon*.

An Engin they've got, Call'd a *Damn'd Popish Plot*,  
Shall bring in a Through-Reformation:  
Which though't be half Fable, It mads the poor *Rabble*,  
And puts out of Wits half the Nation.

Thus their Work's quickly done, For each Mother's Son  
That to *Church*, or to *King* is Loyall,  
Shall straight be Indicted, Or else be sore Frighted,  
To be brought to their Fiery Tryal.

'Tis no more but pretend, He's to *Popery* a Friend;  
The *Brethren* cry loud, he's a *Traytor*;  
And their sure *Evidences*, Bring against him Pretences:  
And all of a Treasonable Nature.

Th' *Impeachers* are such, So Honourable and Rich,  
That no Bribe can to Falshood invite 'em:  
Tho they Contradict themselves, And every Body else,  
A good Lusty *Vote* can Right 'em.

No Matter for Blood, Their *Oaths* shall Stand Good,  
In Despite of all Circumstances:  
The *City-Cabals* say, They cannot swear False;  
And each *Pamphlet* their Honour enhances.

Who dares to deny, But *One* single Lye,  
Of the *Many* they swear on their Credit:  
He's brought on his Knees, Is Rebuk't, and pays Fees;  
And must cry *Peccavi* he did it.

If any's so bold, Their Tricks to unfold,  
Or offers to prove them Lyars;  
Straight up steps another, And swears for Rogue-Brother,  
And flings the poor Wretch in the Bryars.

Thus Villains, 'bout Ten, The worst Scum of Men,  
While the *Godly Party* Maintain 'em,  
All *England* do Govern, And each such a Sovereign,  
The *King* must not speak again 'em

Old *Noll*, and Dad *Nick*, Have taught them the Trick  
To make *Plots*, and then to Reveal 'em:  
Thus runs round the Jigg, Of Politick *whigg*,  
Sure Pardon if they do not Conceal 'em.

Then Inspir'd they bring in, For sad Men of Sin,  
Any one that is Honest and Loyal:  
But if Pardon's deny'd, All flock on *Fitz-Side*,  
To Hector the Mercy Royal.

Thus most Men for Fears, Dare not for their Ears,  
But *whigg* and his Rout to second;  
Which if they Refuse, They're far worse than *Jews*,  
And *Papists* or *Traytors* are reckon'd.

And every poor Ape, Who for Changes does gape,  
And to be Preferr'd by the *Party*:  
To help *Good-Old-Cause*, Wide stretches his Jaws,  
With loud Lyes to shew himself Hearty.

And those Worthies Three, *Care, Curtis, Langley*,  
Do Publish them fast as they make 'em:  
The being in Print, Signifies something in't;  
And the *Rabble* for Gospel mistake 'em.

Meanwhile — *Pendent* Laughs, And at — *Byter* scoffs,  
And at's Hot-Headed Zeal does flout-a;  
The Coxcomb to see, Thus shaking the Tree,  
While he's ready to gather the Fruit-a.

Let *Papists* be Hang'd, And *Presbyters* *Damn'd*!  
And may gogg'd-Ey'd *Traytors* perish:  
But let True Hearts sing, Long Live *Charles* our *King*!  
The *Church*, and the *State* to Cherish.

FINIS.